



# The Manor



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## Chapter 1 by Glendo

This was all a game. I'd known it from the outset. A cruel game with no true winners. When the invitation had first arrived, all seemed well. We all succumbed to the lure of lost treasure, and followed it all the way to The Manor.

It had no other name. It didn't need one. To us, its reputation armed it with more than enough recognition. In that building was the chance to find relics unseen for centuries. The possibilities called like the sirens of old, calling us into the unknown, into our end...

Thirteen had accepted the challenge. We had all gathered at The Manor. Each was a variant of the previous: there was a noble seeking to expand his riches, a brute whose only desire was to complete his vendetta against the murderer of his family, an elusive girl who had barely enough money to survive... Thirteen individuals all knowing that only one would leave with the treasures.

And then there was the sole resident of The Manor. We thought it was a myth. No one could live for that long.

Blindly, we walked into the trap. There were reasons why that treasure had remained untouched...

## Chapter 2 by Glendo



The doors, vast sentinels of wood that barred the way to the unknown, mournfully opened, their hinges desperate for oil, singing an unfulfillable requiem.

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Number Eight of our fellowship, a travelling merchant that hoped to end his career living peacefully with his spoils, gingerly took a step forward. He turned back, staring into my eyes with the wonder of a child, yet also with the despair of an elder filled with regret.

"Shall we go in, already? The treasure is waiting!" Excitement crept over his words.

"Let's get it over with," I uttered. Even before we entered, a part of me must have realised that the only appropriate thing to do was to succumb to the darkness the Manor seemed to emit. Still determined to uncover the secrets of the Manor, I joined Number Eight. Numbers Five and Six, twin sisters oddly reminiscent of Siamese cats, though bearing heavily contrasting personalities (Five was a cheerful optimist, while Six was hopelessly a pessimist), took their place at the doorway with us. Soon, each and every one of the Thirteen had gathered here, the treasure still out of reach.

It was time.

As our search for the treasure began, the resident simply gazed from a lofty window, curtains slightly drawn. It knew we were coming. It had to have known.

It had just welcomed us in...

...And the legends didn't exactly call it 'amiable'...

### Chapter 3 by Wonder Story - In College



The first person to disappear was a young woman. She was one of the few with selfless intentions. The treasure would have gone to a new children's center so that abandoned young wouldn't experience the same childhood she had.

Alas, it wasn't meant to be. The woman started to light the sconces on the walls, hoping to brighten the room. She tripped and wildly grabbed at a sconce. With an eerie creak, the sconce twisted and broke off.

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